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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1854, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the only one published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 25, Orders Sons of St. George—Perry Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 3, Knights of Macabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

CORPUS WASTON, No. 109, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William A. Sherman, Chief Ranger; John H. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—J. Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. J. Smith, Master; William H. Langley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALDEN LODGE, No. 3, N. E. D. P. W.—Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Burdick, E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Miss G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Callahan, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Hugh Knight, Captain; William H. Langley, E. H. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

GLASS MEXICAN, No. 10—James Graham, Chief Alexander, Gilles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Echoes of Old Home Week.

Newport has resumed her wonted appearance after the temporary glories of Old Home Week. The bustling is all down, the work of removing it having been begun last Saturday afternoon.

The three arches on the streets have also been torn down and removed. It is generally conceded that it was a great show and that every thing was carefully planned and carried out. It is probable that if another affair of the kind is held—as it undoubtedly will be—it will take place earlier in the summer when more people will be able to attend.

The week that includes the Fourth of July has been frequently suggested, using the carnival to open the season rather than to prolong it. The week that includes Labor Day has also been spoken of as a good time to hold the celebration, but as most of the schools open the day after Labor Day, this would leave some of the drawbacks of a week later.

As a souvenir of the galathea of Old Home Week there is nothing better than a set of special post cards showing decorations on Newport streets issued by the Mercury Publishing Company. Thousands of them have been sold to Newporters to send to their friends who were unable to come.

Edward B. Carson, a former Newport boy, has died of the yellow fever at New Orleans according to reports received by his father-in-law, W. J. Browley of this city. Carson has been employed as electrician in the South and he went to New Orleans on learning of a good job that he could secure there, not being afraid of the fever that prevailed. According to the report he was sick four days and then died. Carson served in the army in Cuba and in the Philippines and was awarded a medal for bravery. He was married to Miss Ethel Browley about three years ago. His wife and child are now in this city and received the notice of his death here.

A set of special Old Home Week post cards, four in a set, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents. The views show the decorations in different parts of the city. Address the MERCURY office.

Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald of the MERCURY office and Mrs. Joseph S. Allan are passing a few days at the Thrasher House, Rhine, N. H.

Mrs. Thomas J. Gould of Providence has completed her visit with relatives in this city and will return to her home in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. L. H. Noble, who has been spending the summer in this city, has returned to her home in Dorchester, Mass.

Drowning Accident.

There was a double drowning accident off Beavertail last Sunday evening, the victims being two women; while the men of the party had very narrow escapes. One of the drowned women was from Boston and had been spending a vacation here, while the other was from New York and had been a guest of the Boston woman. Mrs. Selma Eck was from Boston and Miss Augusta Ahlborn was from New York.

The party left here Sunday morning for Narragansett Pier in the cat boat Snow Bird owned by one of the men. Those who participated in the outing were C. H. Ruffer, Leohn Severin, Hiddin Bergmann, Eric Wickham, Miss Augusta Anderson, Miss Augusta Ahlborn, and Mrs. Selma Eck. The day was spent at the Pier and the party did not start to return until about 8 o'clock. Although there was a stiff sea prevailing the boat came along well until Beavertail was reached. The boat was well in toward the shore and in coming about it was struck by a high wave and capsized. The occupants were thrown into the water and one of them was washed ashore. Their cries attracted the attention of the keeper of the Beavertail light and he hurried to their assistance. All the men were pulled out of the water and one of the women, but Miss Ahlborn and Mrs. Eck could not be found, their bodies having been washed away.

The survivors were assisted to Jamestown and returned to this city, none of them having sustained serious injuries. The husband of Mrs. Eck was notified of her death and came here on Monday to see if there was a chance to recover the body.

The body of Miss Ahlborn was discovered off Beavertail by Keeper Wales Friday morning. He secured the body and notified the Medical Examiner.

New Pastor Installed.

Rev. James Austin Richards was installed as pastor of the United Congregational Church on Wednesday evening in the presence of a large congregation, his qualifications for the pastorate having been examined and approved by an ecclesiastical council during the afternoon. Rev. C. A. Stanhouse of the First Methodist Episcopal Church offered prayer and read the Scripture. Rev. T. Newton Owen of Bristol offered the installation prayer, and the sermon was by Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., president of the Union Theological Seminary of New York. Rev. James E. McConnell of Providence gave the charge to the people and Rev. Frank J. Goodwin of Pawtucket gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. J. J. Woolley of Pawtucket welcomed the new pastor into fellowship with the Congregational ministers of the State, and Rev. Byron Gannett offered prayer, the benediction being by the new pastor, Rev. Mr. Richards.

Recent Deaths.

Jeremiah Coffey.

Mr. Jeremiah Coffey died at his home on Henth court on Monday after a considerable illness. He was a native of Ireland but had passed nearly his entire life here, his parents having come to Newport when he was a small boy. He had carried on the meat business for many years, his store being on West Broadway. Mr. Coffey was a familiar figure on the street, being a man of unusual size. He was warm-hearted and generous and possessed a great many close friends. He leaves a large family.

Physical Director T. Laurence Freebourn of the Y. M. C. A. has resigned his position in this city to serve in a similar capacity with the Y. M. C. A. of Cambridge, Mass. The offer was received by him but a short time ago and was of such a flattering nature that he accepted, his resignation to take effect on October 1. Mr. Freebourn has been in charge of the Newport gymnasium since the resignation of Mr. Burdick about two years ago, and has done some very good work here. Frank E. Caswell of Providence has been selected to succeed Mr. Freebourn as gymnasium instructor here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Packer and their two children started on Wednesday for their new home in Seattle, where Mr. Packer will enter into business with his brother-in-law, Mrs. Packer's sister, Miss Jordan, joined them in Portland, Me., and will make her home with them in the West. They carry with them the best wishes of their host of friends in Newport.

Beginning Sunday, October 1, the steamers of the Fall River Line for New York will leave Newport on Sunday nights at the same time as on week days—9.15. During the summer the Sunday night boats have been leaving at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. B. C. Wilbur of Tiverton, R. I., was among the Newporters who registered during Old Home Week.

The Civic League.

At the first annual meeting of the Civic League of Newport, held at the Charming Parlors, the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. M. S. W. Marsh.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Alfred G. Langley, Miss Ruth B. Franklin.
Recording Secretary—Miss Christine McLeod.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary Buffum.
Treasurer—Mrs. Richard C. Derby.

The objects of the league are expressed in the articles of association as follows:

Art. I. The name of this association shall be the Civic League of Newport.

Art. II. The objects of the Civic League shall be to promote, by education and co-operation, a higher public opinion and a better social order; to keep constantly before the public suggestions for better municipal and social conditions; and to create a widespread interest in the future development of the city.

Art. III. In order to facilitate the work of the League, it will endeavor to keep itself informed of the methods and work of the Newport city government; to keep in touch with organizations in other cities working along similar lines; and to keep the association entirely independent of party politics.

The Civic League is composed entirely of women, and has no connection whatever with any other association. Many of the women of Newport have already given their signatures as indicating their sympathy and co-operation with the work of the league, among the number being the following:

Mrs. Ernestus P. Allan, Mrs. Wm. Andrews, Jr., Dr. Mary E. Baldwin, Mrs. John C. Burke, Mrs. Thomas G. Brown, Mrs. Emma A. Buckhout, Miss Phoebe G. Bull, Miss Mary Buffum, Mrs. Lucy P. Brownell, Mrs. Charles A. Brackett, Mrs. W. K. Covell, Miss Kate L. Clarke, Mrs. W. C. Colquhoun, Mrs. Wm. H. Cotton, Mrs. John Coggeshall, Mrs. James H. Donistoun, Mrs. Henry E. Dwyer, Mrs. Wm. B. Franklin, Miss Hattie Fales, Mrs. Robert Fraime, Mrs. Thomas Galvin, Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs, Mrs. Lincoln Hammett, Miss Sarah Hammett, Mrs. J. C. Hyde, Miss Mary A. Huzzard, Mrs. John Ivey.

Mrs. D. P. Jacoby, Mrs. A. P. Jennings, Mrs. T. F. Kaul, Mrs. G. Gordon King, Mrs. DeLauncey Kune, Mrs. Alfred G. Langley, Mrs. George P. Lawton, Mrs. L. C. Luth, Mrs. Wm. Libby, Mrs. Michael A. McCormick, Mrs. Alexander MacLellan, Mrs. George W. Mead, Mrs. A. Russell Manchester, Miss E. F. Mason, Mrs. George Mason, Miss Mary O'Sullivan, Mrs. P. J. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Edward Otto, Mrs. David T. Pinniger, Mrs. Frank L. Powell, Miss M. C. Powell, Mrs. J. B. Parsonage, Mrs. Felix Peckham, Mrs. Andrew K. Quinn, Mrs. James Rodda, Mrs. Henry F. Rooney.

Mrs. B. B. H. Sherman, Mrs. Dennis W. Sheehan, Mrs. W. D. Sayer, Mrs. Seth W. Swinburne, Miss E. H. Swinburne, Miss S. P. Swinburne, Miss Agnes Storer, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. James C. Stewart, Mrs. W. C. Stoddard, Mrs. A. F. Spire, Mrs. Wm. Stevens, Mrs. W. H. Tibbets, Mrs. Harry A. Titus, Mrs. Theodora Taylor, Mrs. Wm. J. Underwood, Mrs. Harriet E. Thomas, Mrs. Harry Wilson, Mrs. Harry J. Wilks, Miss Susan J. Weaver, Miss Hannah L. Wilbur, Mrs. W. J. Walsh, Mrs. G. A. Weaver.

Wedding Bells.

Spencer-Sands.

Miss Mary Ridgely Sands, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Sands, and Lorillard Spencer, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, were married at Trinity Church on Tuesday in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Walter Lewis, rector of the church, assisted by Rev. Latta Griswold. The church was attractively decorated, palms and ferns forming a background for a floral display of white roses and white hydrangeas.

The bridal procession was composed of six ushers, four bridesmaids, flower girl and maid of honor. The bride entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. Austin L. Sands. She was gowned in white satin, with tulle trimmings and Duchesse point lace, her veil being caught with orange blossoms. The ushers were Chalmers Ward, Jr., Liepenard Stewart Witherbee, William Ward, George W. Phillips, Henry R. Sedgwick and Lawrence Riggs, Jr., and the best man was Robert Sedgwick, Jr. The bridesmaids were Misses Emily Mayer, Anita Sands, May Sands and Margaret Bufum all wearing white chiffon gowns with silver trimmings and white picture hats. Miss Elizabeth Sands, younger sister of the bride, was flower girl, and another sister, Miss Julia Sands, was maid of honor.

Following the ceremony a small reception was held at the residence of the bride, to which only a few intimate friends were invited. After spending some hours in New York Mr. and Mrs. Spencer started for Europe, and will probably be away from Newport some months.

Miss Meta Neilson, one of Newport's oldest summer residents, died at her home on Cottage street on Wednesday after a long illness. She was a daughter of the late John Neilson of New York, and was a sister of Mrs. E. W. Howard. She made her home in Newport for many years and was a member of Trinity Church.

Newport County Fair.

Owing to pressure of other matter last week we were unable to publish the premium list of the Newport County Fair which was held on September 12, 13, 14 and 15. In response to many requests on the part of the exhibitors and others, the list of premium winners is presented herewith.

VEGETABLES.

CLASS A.

POTATOES.

Bovee—1st, T. C. Main.
Arrostook Pride—1st, C. W. Cory; 2d, M. S. Oliver.
1 X L—1st, T. J. Sweet; 2d, Manuel Marshall.
Profile Rose—1st, Warren R. Sherman; 2d, L. L. Sherman.
Early Rose—1st, M. S. Oliver.
Aerial Rose—1st, L. L. Sherman.
White Rose—1st, L. L. Sherman; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Largest Potato—1st, C. L. Sherman; 2d, Thornton Sherman.
Collection of Potatoes—1st, L. L. Sherman; 2d, Joshua Coggeshall.

ONIONS.

Southport White Globe—1st, L. H. Barker; 2d, Chas. Borden.
Yellow Globe—1st, T. J. Sweet; 2d, C. S. Peckham.
Red Globe—1st, Almy Bros.; 2d, T. J. Sweet.
Red Flat—1st, Chas. Borden; 2d, T. J. Sweet.
Collection of Onions—1st, Almy Bros.; 2d, T. J. Sweet.

MELONS.

Miller Cream—1st, B. C. Sherman.
Emerald Gem—1st, B. C. Sherman.
Rocky Ford Melon—1st, A. P. Barker; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Watermelon—1st, Smith Farm; 2d, George E. Coggeshall.
Citron Melons—1st, A. C. Barker.

PUMPKINS.

Pumpkins—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, W. B. Anthony.
Field Pumpkins—1st, W. T. Sherman; 2d, Manuel Oliver.

SQUASHES.

Squashes—1st, George Coggeshall; 2d, A. P. Barker.
Marblehead Squash—1st, L. H. Barker.
Hubbard Squash—1st, Sandy Point Farm; 2d, J. L. DeTerra.
Turban Squash—1st, George Coggeshall; 2d, George A. Carter.
Boston Marrow Squash—1st, J. L. DeTerra; 2d, B. C. Sherman.
Marblehead Squash—1st, L. H. Barker.

Delicious—1st, A. P. Barker; 2d, L. H. Barker.
White Squash—1st, Sandy Point Farm.
Yellow Squash—Com., A. C. Barker.
Largest Squash—1st, L. H. Barker; 2d, A. P. Barker.
French Yellow Squash—1st, L. H. Barker.

10 lb. Squash—1st, J. L. DeTerra; 2d, Constance Chase.
Mammoth Pumpkin Squash—1st, R. A. Morse.
Red Pumpkin Squash—1st, L. H. Barker.
Cocoanut Squash—1st, Charles Borden.

Little Gem Squash—2d, C. W. Cory, Jr.
Henderson's Delicata Squash—1st, Almy Bros.

CUCUMBERS.

White Spine Cucumber—1st, W. B. Anthony.
Japanese Chindling Cucumber—1st, D. P. Heddy.
Rallison's Cucumber—Com., Almy Bros.

TOMATOES.

Acme Tomato—1st, W. H. Thomas; 2d, A. C. Barker.
Dwarf Champion Tomato—1st, W. B. Anthony; 2d, Joshua Coggeshall.
Perfection Tomato—1st, A. P. Barker.
Stone Tomato—1st, L. H. Barker; 2d, Almy Coggeshall.
Majestic Tomato—1st, R. M. Morse.
Imperial Tomato—1st, Joshua Coggeshall.

Atlantic Prize Tomato—1st, Sandy Point Farm.
Chills Jewel Tomato—1st, A. C. Barker; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Yellow Plum Tomato—1st, D. P. Heddy; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Red Plum Tomato—1st, Joshua Coggeshall.

Red Cherry Tomato—1st, C. W. Cory, Jr.; 2d, D. P. Heddy.
Yellow Cherry Tomato—1st, C. G. Thomas; 2d, D. P. Heddy.

CELERY.

Boston Market Celery—1st, Sandy Point Farm.
Giant Pascal Celery—1st, W. H. Thomas.

BEETS.

Table Beets—1st, W. B. Anthony; 2d, C. W. Cory, Jr.
Mammoth Mangle Beets—1st, Charles Boyd.
Gate Post Beets—1st, Smith Farm.
Henderson Beets—1st and 2d, Almy Bros.

CABBAGE.

Savoy Cabbage—1st, A. C. Barker; 2d, J. L. DeTerra.
Drum Head Cabbage—1st, Manuel Oliver.
Stone Mason Cabbage—1st, J. L. DeTerra.
Red Drum Head—1st, A. C. Barker.

PEPPERS.

Blue Noise Peppers—1st, Manuel Oliver; 2d, B. C. Sherman.
Giant Peppers—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, John Harrington.
Italian Peppers—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Green Peppers—1st, John L. Harrington.

CARROTS.

Half Long Carrots—1st, Sandy Point Farm; 2d, W. H. Thomas.
Short Horn Carrot—1st, T. J. Sweet.

PARSNIPS.

Hollow Crown Parsnips—1st, A. C. Barker.

TURNIPS.

French Turnips—1st, Chase Bros.; 2d, Joshua Coggeshall.
Swiss Chard—Com., John Harrington.

CORN.

Field Corn—1st, Charles Boyd; 2d, George Carter.
Rice Pop Corn—1st, L. H. Barker.
Pearl Pop Corn—1st, Charles E. Boyd.
Sweet Corn—1st, W. F. Brayton; 2d, L. H. Barker.
Evergreen Sweet Corn—1st, J. L. DeTerra; 2d, A. C. Barker.
Squation Sweet Corn—1st, C. H. Potter.
Yellow Field Corn—Com., L. H. Barker.

BEANS.

Bush Lima Bean—1st, A. L. Borden; 2d, Nathan Green.
King Garden Lima—1st, A. C. Barker; 2d, C. D. Thomas.
Horticultural Beans—1st, J. L. DeTerra; 2d, Jacob Almy.
Bush Beans—1st, George A. Carter.
Improved Beans—1st, Sandy Point Farm; 2d, J. L. DeTerra.
Horticultural Pole—1st, A. C. Barker.
Peanuts—Smith Farm, Com.
Egg Plant—1st, Sandy Point Farm; 2d, J. L. DeTerra.
Cauliflower—1st, J. L. DeTerra.
Rhubarb—1st, Sandy Point Farm; 2d, A. C. Barker.
Collection of Vegetables—1st, Oakland Farm; 2d, Glen Farm.

CATTLE.

CLASS B.

Jersey Bull Grade, 3 years—1st, Wm. A. Chase; 2d, Smith Farm.
Jersey Heifer Grade, 1 year—1st, Arthur L. Borden; 2d, Smith Farm.
Jersey Calf Grade—1st, Smith Farm; 2d, Sandy Point Farm.
Jersey Bull, 1 year—1st, Oakland Farm.
Jersey Cow, 7 years—1st, Oakland Farm.

Jersey Cow, 4 years—2d, Oakland Farm.
Jersey Heifer, 1 year—1st, Dennis Murphy; 2d, Oakland Farm.
Jersey Calf—1st, Oakland Farm.
Guernsey Bull, 4 years—1st, Glen Farm.

Guernsey Calf—1st, Glen Farm.
Guernsey Cow, 1 year—1st, Glen Farm; 2d, Glen Farm.
Guernsey Cow, 6 years—1st, Glen Farm.

Guernsey Cow, 2 years—1st, Glen Farm.
Guernsey Steers, 2 years—1st, Glen Farm.
Guernsey Oxen, 3 years—1st, Glen Farm.

Native Cow, 6 years—1st, Sowle Bros.
Native Heifer, 2 years—1st, Sowle Bros.
Fat Cow, 5 years—1st, Sowle Bros.; 2d, Wm. J. Peckham.

Holstein Cow, 6 years—1st, Sowle Bros.
Dutch Belted Cow, 2 years—2d, Sowle Bros.
Dutch Belted Oxen, 6 years—1st, Black Point Farm.

Dutch Belted Bull, 4 years—1st, Black Point Farm.
Dutch Belted Cow, 4 years—1st, Black Point Farm.
Dutch Belted Cow, 2 years—1st, Patrick Murphy.

Native Heifer, 1 year—1st, Manuel Oliver; 2d, Manuel Oliver.
Jersey Cow Grade, 2 years—1st, Charles Gory.

Beef Oxen—1st, Howard T. Thurston.
Holstein Bull Grade, 1 year—1st, Pitt Littlefield.
Guernsey Cow Grade, 5 years—1st, Pitt Littlefield.

Working Oxen, 5 years—1st, Wm. S. Shown; 2d, Edward Almy.
Cow regardless of breed or age—1st, Edward Almy; 2d, Patrick Murphy.
Grade Jersey Bull, 1 year—1st, Joseph de Sauter; 2d, Edward Almy.
Grade Jersey Bull, 2 years—1st, Dennis Murphy.

Head of Grade Jerseys, 5 cows—1st, Dennis Murphy.
Grade Jersey Cow, 5 years—1st, Dennis Murphy.
Two Steers, 1 year—1st, Dennis Murphy.

Grade Guernsey Bull, 1 year—1st, Wm. J. Peckham.
Grade Jersey Cow—1st, Jacob Marz; 2d, Nathan Green.

PAIRS WORKING HORSES.
CLASS X.
Best Pair of Working Horses—1st, Oakland Farm, Fred Sherman driver; 2d, Elmer Shown; com., Oakland Farm, Frank Connelley, driver.

CANNED FRUITS AND BUTTER.
CLASS P.
Pineapple—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. John L. Harrington.
Strawberry—1st, Mrs. Samuel Carter; 2d, Mrs. Chas. Cory.
Blackberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Boyd.
Cherries—1st and 2d, Mrs. Samuel Carter.
Grapes—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; com., Mrs. Chas. Cory.
Pear—1st, Mrs. John Harrington; 2d, Mrs. Chas. Cory; com., Mrs. John Harrington.
Peaches—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. Samuel Carter.
Quince—1st and 2d, Mrs. John Harrington.
Gooseberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. John Harrington.
Currants—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. John Harrington.
Whortleberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. Warren Sherman.
Collection of Jellies—1st, Mrs. Alfred Anthony; 2d, Mrs. Cooper.
Collection of Canned Fruits—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; com., Mrs. John Harrington.
Collection of Pickles—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.
Ball Butter—1st, Mrs. B. F. Borden; 2d, Sandy Point Farm; com., Glen Farm.
Collection Vegetables—1st, Mrs. Samuel Carter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

To Improve Long Wharf.

The south side of Long wharf is to be improved immediately and it will be made decidedly attractive. All buildings, storehouses, etc., from the Sherman estate to the City wharf will be removed and a new retaining wall will be erected. Although there will be no elaborate embellishments that side of the wharf will be made clean, substantial and attractive, and easy of access for small boats. The committee on streets and highways met Wednesday evening and opened bids for doing the work. Friend & Maguire received the contract to repair the wall, set the granolithic cap, etc., for \$1500. The same firm was also the lowest bidder for the granolithic sidewalk, the contract being awarded to them at 88 cents a square yard.

The Portsmouth authorities have been investigating the quantity of stolen goods recovered recently by the Fall River police and have identified many articles as those that were taken from residences in Portsmouth. Mrs. Mary Macomber identified goods to the value of about \$100. Articles were also found belonging to Mrs. Carl Warren and Mrs. Mary Raymond. The police believe that one party is responsible for all the robberies that were reported between the Stone Bridge and Newport, and they are earnestly seeking for that man.

The Eleventh Battery, Field Artillery, is now stationed at Fort Adams, having arrived on the boat from New York Monday morning. The battery was sent here because there are quarters where it can be taken care of, things that were lacking at New York where it was located for a time. The battery has attracted some attention since it has been here, the whole command marching through T'wings street several times.

There is quite a party of Newporters at Intervale, N. H., included in the number being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham, Miss Peckham, and Miss Etta Peckham, Miss Carrie B. Wilks, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hazard, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Tilley.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Marian Elizabeth Chase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Chase of Middletown, to Mr. Clinton Edward Cook. The wedding will take place at Holy Cross Chapel in Middletown at 8.30 on October 1.

It is expected that the new high school building will be ready for occupancy in about a month. When the schools closed last June it was hoped to move into the new building by the first of October but the date will have to be postponed a little.

The steamer New Shoreham met with a slight accident to her boiler on her trip from the island Thursday afternoon and was some hours late in leaving here for Providence.

The Old Colony Street Railway has completed the stringing of the new trolley wire in this city, the last piece having been put into position on Saturday last.

The first session of the new Superior Court for Newport County will be held on Monday next when Judge Baker will be prepared to hear motions.

The new rails have arrived for the Bath road line of the local street railway and will probably be installed at once.

Fishermen have been having good sport with the little mackerel lately, some big catches being reported.

The battleship Rhode Island will have her official trial over the Cape Ann course on October 31.

Geo. P. Read III.

New Bedford, Sept. 18, 1905.

MR. EDITOR: Please permit me through the columns of your paper to express my thanks to the Young Men's Christian Association for handing my letter of inquiry to "The Bureau of Information." Especially did we appreciate their reply, and had decided on a suitable location. Although I had lived in Newport a few years many years ago, it had not the attractions for me that it held for my husband. He so enjoyed conversing of the scenes of his boyhood days, and I think no one anticipated the visit as he did, growing quite impatient for the time. Why we were prevented from coming you will learn from this paragraph from the Daily Standard:

"As Mr. and Mrs. George P. Read were about to leave home early Monday morning to participate in the festivities of 'Old Home Week' in Newport, R. I., (the birthplace of Mr. Read) on account of weakness incident to old age he fell down the steps, badly bruising his head. For some time he was unconscious, and although there is a slight improvement, he is still critically ill."

Mrs. GEO. P. READ.
Mr. Read's many friends in this city will regret to learn that he still remains very ill and is daily growing weaker.

The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE

[CONTINUED.]

It was a good fire, and the room was illuminated by it. Near the door I saw the gleam of an electric switch, but it was unnecessary, even if it had been safe, to turn it on. At one side of the fireplace was a heavy curtain which covered the bay window we had seen from outside. On the other side was the door which communicated with the veranda. A desk stood in the center, with a turning chair of shining red leather. Opposite was a large bookcase with a marble bust of Athens on the top. In the corner, between the bookcase and the wall, there stood a tall, green safe, the firelight flashing back from the polished brass knobs upon its face. Holmes stole across and looked at it. Then he crept to the door of the bedroom and stood with slanting head, listening intently. No sound came from within. Meanwhile it had struck me that it would be wise to secure our retreat through the outer door, so I examined it. To my amazement it was neither locked nor bolted. I touched Holmes on the arm, and he turned his masked face in that direction. I saw him start, and he was evidently as surprised as I.

"I don't like it," he whispered, putting his finger to his very ear. "I can't quite make it out. Anyhow we have no time to lose."

"Can I do anything?"

"Yes; stand by the door. If you hear any one come, tell it on the inside, and we can get away as we came. If they come the other way, we can get through the door if our job is done or hide behind these window curtains if it is not. Do you understand?"

I nodded and stood by the door. My first feeling of fear had passed away, and I thrilled now with a keener zest than I had ever enjoyed when we were the defenders of the law instead of its detesters. The high object of our mission, the consciousness that it was unselfish and chivalrous, the villainous character of our opponent, all added to the sporting interest of the adventure. Far from feeling guilty, I rejoiced and exulted in our dangers. With a glow of admiration I watched Holmes unrolling his case of instruments and choosing his tool with the calm, scientific accuracy of a surgeon who performs a delicate operation. I knew that the opening of safes was a particular hobby with him, and I understood the joy which it gave him to be confronted with this green and gold monster, the dragon which held in its maw the reputations of many fair ladies. Turning up the cuffs of his dress coat—he had placed his overcoat on a chair—Holmes laid out two drills, a jimmy and several skeleton keys. For about half an hour Holmes worked with concentrated energy, laying down one tool, picking up another, handling each with the strength and delicacy of the trained mechanic. Finally I heard a click, the broad green door swung open, and inside I had a glimpse of a number of paper packets, each tied, sealed and inscribed. Holmes picked one out, but it was hard to read by the flickering fire, and he drew out his little dark lantern, for it was too dangerous with Milverton in the next room to switch on the electric light. Suddenly I saw him halt, listen intently, and then in an instant he had swung the door of the safe to, picked up his coat, stuffed his tools into the pockets and darted behind the window curtain, motioning me to do the same.

It was only when I had joined him there that I heard what had alarmed his quicker senses. There was a noise somewhere within the house. A door slammed in the distance. Then a confused, dull murmur broke itself into the measured thud of heavy footsteps rapidly approaching. They were in the passage outside the room. They paused at the door. The door opened. There was a sharp snick as the electric light was turned on. The door closed once more, and the pungent reek of a strong cigar was borne to our nostrils. Then the footsteps continued backward and forward, backward and forward, within a few yards of us. Finally there was a creak from a chair, and the footsteps ceased. Then a key clicked in a lock, and I heard the rustle of papers.

So far I had not dared to look out, but now I gently parted the division of the curtains in front of me and peeped through. From the pressure of Holmes' shoulder against mine I knew that he was sharing my observations. Right in front of us and almost within our reach was the broad, rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that we had entirely misestimated his movements; that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or billiard room in the farther wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad, grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long, black cigar projecting at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-military smoking jacket, claret colored, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long legal document, which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so.

I felt Holmes' hand steal into mine and give me a reassuring shake, as if to say that the situation was within his powers and that he was easy in his mind. I was not sure whether he had seen what was only too obvious from my position, that the door of the safe was imperfectly closed and that Milverton might at any moment observe it. In my own mind I had determined that if I were sure from the right of the door that it had caught his eye I

would at once spring out, throw my greatcoat over his head, pinion him and leave the rest to the police. But Milverton never looked up. He was languidly interested by the papers in his hand, and page after page was turned as he followed the argument of the lawyer. At least, I thought, when he had finished the document and the cigar he will go to his room, but before he had reached the end of either there came a remarkable development which turned our thoughts into quite another channel.

Several times I had observed that Milverton looked at his watch, and once he had risen and sat down again, with a gesture of impatience. The idea, however, that he might have an appointment at so strange an hour never occurred to me until a faint sound reached my ears from the veranda outside. Milverton dropped his papers and sat rigid in his chair. The sound was repeated, and then there came a gentle tap at the door. Milverton rose and opened it.

"Well," said he curtly, "you are nearly half an hour late."

So this was the explanation of the unlocked door and of the nocturnal vigil of Milverton. There was the gentle rustle of a woman's dress. I had closed the slit between the curtains as Milverton's face had turned in our direction, but now I ventured very carefully to open it once more. He had resumed his seat, the cigar still projecting at an insolent angle from the corner of his mouth. In front of him, in the full glare of the electric light, there stood a tall, slim, dark woman, a veil over her face, a mantle drawn round her chin. Her breath came quick and fast, and every inch of the little figure was quivering with strong emotion.

"Well," said Milverton, "you've made me lose a good night's rest, my dear. I hope you'll prove worth it. You couldn't come any other time—eh?"

The woman shook her head. "Well, if you couldn't you couldn't. At the countess is a hard mistress you have your chance to get level with her now. Bless the girl, what are you shivering about? That's right. Pull yourself together. Now let us get down to business." He took a notebook from the drawer of his desk. "You say that you have five letters which compromise the Countess d'Alberty. You want to sell them. I want to buy them. So far so good. It only remains to fix a price. I should want to inspect the letters, of course. If they are really good specimens—Great heavens! Is it you?"

The woman, without a word, had raised her veil and dropped the mantle from her chin. It was a dark, handsome, clear-cut face which confronted Milverton—a face with a curved nose, strong, dark eyebrows shading hard, glittering eyes, and a straight, thin-lipped mouth set in a dangerous smile.

"It is I," she said—"the woman whose life you have ruined."

Milverton laughed, but fear vibrated in his voice. "You were so very obstinate," said he. "Why did you drive me to such extremities? I put the price well within your means. You would not pay."

"So you sent the letters to my husband, and he the noblest gentleman that ever lived, a man whose boots I was never worthy to lace—he broke his gallant heart and died. You remember that last night, when I came through that door, I begged and prayed you for mercy, and you laughed in my face as you are trying to laugh now, only your coward heart cannot keep your lips from twitching? Yes, you never thought to see me here again, but it was that night which taught me how I could meet you face to face and alone. Well, Charles Milverton, what have you to say?"

"Don't imagine that you can bully me," said he, rising to his feet. "I have only to raise my voice and I could call my servants and have you arrested. But I will make allowance for your natural anger. Leave the room at once as you came, and I will say no more."

The woman stood with her hand buried in her bosom and the same deadly smile on her thin lips.

"You will ruin no more lives as you have ruined mine. You will wring no more hearts as you wring mine. I will free the world of a poisonous thing. Take that, you bounder—and that—and that—and that!"

She had drawn a little gleaming revolver and emptied barrel after barrel into Milverton's body, the muzzle within two feet of his shirt front. He slumped away and then fell forward upon the table, coughing furiously and clanking among the papers. Then he staggered to his feet, received another shot and rolled upon the floor. "You've done me!" he cried and lay still. The woman looked at him intently and ground her heel into his upturned face. She looked again, but there was no sound or movement. I heard a sharp rustle, the night air blew into the heated room and the avenger was gone.

No interference upon our part could have saved the man from his fate, but as the woman poured bullet after bullet into Milverton's shrinking body I was about to spring out when I felt Holmes' cold, strong grasp upon my wrist. I understood the whole argument of that firm, restraining grip—that it was no affair of ours; that justice had overtaken a villain; that we had our own duties and our own objects, which were not to be lost sight of. But hardly had the woman rushed from the room when Holmes with swift, silent steps was over at the other door. He turned the key in the lock. At the same instant we heard voices in the passage, and the sound of hurrying

feet. The revolver shots had roused the household. With perfect coolness Holmes slipped across to the safe, filled his two arms with bundles of letters and poured them all into the fire. Again and again he did it, until the safe was empty.

Some one turned the handle and bent upon the outside of the door. Holmes looked swiftly round. The letter which had been the messenger of death for Milverton lay, all mottled with his blood, upon the table. Holmes tossed it in among the blazing papers. Then he drew the key from the outer door, passed through after me and locked it on the outside. "This way, Watson," said he, "we can scale the garden wall in this direction."

I could not have believed that an alarm could have spread so swiftly. Looking back, the huge house was one blaze of light. The front door was open, and figures were rushing down the drive. The whole garden was alive with people, and one fellow raised a view halloo as we emerged from the veranda and followed hard at our heels. Holmes seemed to know the grounds perfectly, and he threaded his way swiftly among a plantation of small trees, I close at his heels and our foremost pursuer panting behind us. It was a six foot wall which barred our path, but he sprang to the top and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle, but I kicked myself free and scrambled upon my face among some bushes, but Holmes had me on my feet in an instant, and together we dashed away across the huge expanse of Hampstead Heath. We had run two miles, I suppose, before Holmes at last halted and listened intently. All was absolute silence behind us. We had shaken off our pursuers and were safe.

We had breakfasted and were smoking our morning pipe on the day after the remarkable experience which I have recounted when Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard, very solemn and impressive, was ushered into our modest sitting room.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," said he; "good morning. May I ask if you are very busy just now?"

"Not too busy to listen to you."

"I thought that perhaps if you had nothing particular on hand you might care to assist us in a most remarkable case which occurred only last night at Hampstead."

"Dear me!" said Holmes. "What was that?"

"A murder—a most dramatic and remarkable murder. I know how keen you are upon these things, and I would take it as a great favor if you would step down to Appledore Towers and give us the benefit of your advice. It is no ordinary crime. We have had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and, between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes. These papers have all been burned by the murderers."

No article of value was taken, as it is probable that the criminals were men of good position whose sole object was to prevent social exposure."

"Criminals?" said Holmes. "Plural?"

"Yes, there were two of them. They were as neatly as possible captured and handed. We have their footprints, we have their description. It's ten to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was caught by the under gardener and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle sized, strongly built man—square jaw, thick neck, mustache, a mask over his eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson."

"It's true," said the inspector, with amusement. "It might be a description of Watson."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I know this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London and that I think there are certain crimes which the law cannot touch and which therefore to some extent justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I will not handle this case."

Holmes had not said one word to me about the tragedy which we had witnessed, but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his vacant eyes and his abstracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove, Watson, I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" He hurried at his top speed down Baker Street and along Oxford Street until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here, on the left hand, there stands a shop window filled with photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes' eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and following his gaze I saw the picture of a regal and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at that delicately curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I caught my breath as I read the time honored title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of Holmes, and he put his finger to his lips as we turned away from the window.

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

No. 8 of the Series

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It was no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard to look in upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade

would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged and was able occasionally to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes—nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

Lestrade laughed.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitate to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow, and a queer madness too. You wouldn't think there was any one living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon I, that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he. "Exactly. That's what I said. But, then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary? This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official notebook and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kensington road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant when he heard a crash, and, hurrying in, he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road; but, although several passersby declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see any one nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of hoodlignism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation."

"The second case, however, was more serious and also more singular. It occurred only last night."

"In Kensington road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's shop there lives a well-known medical practitioner named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting room is at Kensington road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures and relics of the French emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor Deville. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kensington road and the other on the mantelpiece of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at 12 o'clock, and you can imagine his amazement when on arriving there he found that the window had been opened in the night and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts."

"They are singular, not to say grotesque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot's rooms were the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

"They were taken from the same mold."

"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiscuous hooligan should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust."

"Well, I thought as you do," said Lestrade. "On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Mr. Watson?"

"There are no limits to the possibilities of mania," I answered.

"There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the 'idée fixe,' which may be trifling in character and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war might conceivably form such an 'idée fixe' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Lestrade, shaking his head. "For no

amount of 'idée fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernethy family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door, and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

Come instantly, 13 Pitt Street, Kensington.

LESTRADE.

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend, the image breaker, has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt Street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all that cheested, respectable and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George, it's attempted murder at the least! Nothing less will hold the London message boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swelled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man clad in a flannel dressing gown was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Harker of the Central Press syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Harker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Bros., two doors from the High Street station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two; then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantelpiece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast and of no real value whatever.

"You can see for yourself that any one going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up and his mouth horribly open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prophetic. First Author—Haro you sold many copies of your book? Second Author (absently)—Wonderful. Over a hundred thousand. First Author—When was it issued? Second Author—Next Tuesday.—Life.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—Addison.

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M'CALL TESTIFIES

Says That Democrats Solicited Campaign Funds

MADE HIS "LIFE WEARY"

Andrew Hamilton, Who Represented New York Life at Albany, Received \$235,000 With Only Verbal Accounting

New York, Sept. 21.—Political contributions of the New York Life Insurance company and the connection of Andrew A. Hamilton of Albany with the alleged political activity of the company were the points around which the hearing before the legislative insurance investigating committee turned yesterday.

President John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance company was the chief witness, and for several hours he was subjected to a fire of questions by Charles E. Hughes, counsel for the committee, concerning the money paid for political purposes.

The climax was reached when McCall declared that the settling of funds for campaign purposes was not confined to the Republican party in the campaign of 1904 and announced:

"My life was made weary by the Democratic candidates chasing me for money in that campaign. Some of the very men who today are being interviewed in the papers and denouncing men who contribute to campaigns were crossing my path every step I took looking for money. Once the candidate himself, Parker—if he would show up his books when he was chairman of the Democratic state committee, it would give you a fit. He never rejected a dollar in the world. He would take every dollar that was paid to him."

Judge Parker was chairman of the Democratic state executive committee in 1885.

Mr. McCall's statement was greeted with wild cheering, which continued until a threat was made to clear the room of listeners if the crowd did not restrain itself.

With great care the accounts of Andrew A. Hamilton with the company were analyzed by Hughes, who asked McCall about every item and made it clear that a search was being made for political contributions.

Mr. McCall stoutly maintained that he had given Hamilton no money to be used in influencing legislation at Albany, but the admission was obtained from McCall that Hamilton's expenses at Albany were paid from the company's funds and that his accounts were not submitted to audit.

It was shown that \$235,000 had been paid to Hamilton with only a verbal accounting to McCall and that Hamilton now owes the company about \$60,000; but McCall said he felt sure that Hamilton, who is now in Europe, will repay this sum upon the company's demand. Hamilton received for legal services, McCall said, about \$100,000 a year from the New York Life Insurance company.

Ex-Judge Parker, Democratic candidate for president in 1904, last night gave a statement concerning McCall's testimony relative to the soliciting of funds from the New York Life Insurance company by Democrats in 1904.

"My attention has been called to certain testimony said to have been given by John A. McCall while a witness before the insurance investigating committee in reply to Mr. Hughes' question whether he thought 'that in 1904 the interests of the policyholders were so seriously endangered that the company ought to contribute?'"

"It is evident that Mr. McCall was laboring under great excitement in making his reply, for it is very incoherent. But if his answer is intended to convey the impression that in the campaign of 1904 I, either directly or indirectly, solicited from him or his corporation, or any other corporation, any money or valuable things, his statement is absolutely false."

"On the contrary, I repeat now what I said before the election, that I expressly notified and directed the chairman of the executive committee of the national committee that no money should be received from corporations."

William F. Sheehan's attention was called to the testimony of McCall, and he said: "I was chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic national committee. There was not a single man connected with the Democratic national campaign that solicited a dollar from McCall. If any such person made any such solicitation Mr. McCall should name him."

John A. McCall, referring to his testimony before the legislative committee in relation to contributions to the Democratic party, said last night:

"The meaning I intended to convey when I mentioned Judge Parker was this: Judge Parker, when a candidate for the presidency last year, did not personally ask me for campaign funds, but friends of his did so repeatedly. Judge Parker, as chairman of the state Democratic committee several years ago, did, however, accept proffered contributions to the campaign fund."

Legal Fighting Fund Turned Down
Toronto, Sept. 21.—The trades and labor congress, in session here, voted down a proposition to raise a fund to aid Canadian labor unions in conducting legal fights.

Fishing Schooner Wrecked
Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 19.—A dispatch from Cape N. S., states that the fishing schooner Puritan of this port mistimed while entering the harbor there and will be a total loss. No lives were lost. The Puritan was insured for \$4000 and is thought to have had a full cargo, which the owners valued at \$8000.

BODY IS EXHUMED

Autopsy Performed on Body of Mrs. Chase

NO EXTERNAL VIOLENCE

Analysis of Organs to Be Made by Harvard Professor—Incidents at Time of Woman's Death Told by Her Husband

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 20.—In response to public opinion District Attorney Peters of Essex county formally requested Joseph G. Pinkham, the medical examiner, to hold an autopsy on the body of Mrs. Jennie P. Chase, the wealthy Swampscott woman who died last week from gas poisoning. Dr. Pinkham, who is also the Chase family physician, complied with the request and had the body exhumed.

Dr. Pinkham, when summoned to attend Mrs. Chase, who was found unconscious on the kitchen floor of her home Sunday morning, Sept. 10, pronounced the case one of suicide. The police, some of Mrs. Chase's relatives and the public, however, were not satisfied with this verdict and as a result the autopsy was ordered.

At the conclusion of the autopsy Dr. Pinkham and Newhall announced that all the conditions studied so far pointed to death by coal gas poisoning. The following statement was issued by the medical examiner:

"No external marks of violence were found upon the body of Mrs. Chase, which was well preserved. The lungs show extensive changes, due to hypostatic pneumonia. The brain was undisturbed and moderately congested. Pelvic organs showed two cystic tumors and several small fibroid tumors. The stomach, with its contents, brain, liver and kidneys, were placed in jars and sealed for chemical examination. All the signs, so far, indicate death by coal gas poisoning."

The result of the analysis of the organs by Professor Hill of the Harvard medical school will not be known for two weeks.

Last week the medical examiner was informed that Mrs. Chase made a statement to a woman living in Swampscott to the effect that someone was seeking to take her life. Chief Harris of the Swampscott police had a brief interview with the woman yesterday afternoon, but said afterwards that the result was of no importance.

Dr. Horace Chase, the husband, says that on the night before his wife was found unconscious they had slept in single beds in the same room. About 10 o'clock he rose to attend to his son, who was ill in another part of the house. His wife was then asleep. He was out of the room about two hours. It was dark when he returned, and he did not notice whether his wife was still there. When he awoke at 5 o'clock next morning his wife was missing. Upon searching for her, he found her lying insensible on the kitchen floor with the doors locked, the gas rocks turned on, and her pet birds and dog dead beside her. Dr. Chase said he had not made public the information that his wife had committed suicide, from reasons natural to a man under the circumstances. In referring to the considerable property which was in his wife's name, Chase said that in June, 1890, she had made a will in which she provided for both himself and son.

Admits Theft of \$20,000

Washington, Sept. 19.—James W. Boyd, a clerk in the public health and marine hospital service, was arrested on a warrant charging him with embezzlement. The discovery of facts leading to the charge was made in Boyd's absence, and the amount abstracted will, according to Boyd's own confession, reach not less than \$20,000. Boyd had been in the public health service for 12 years.

The Colorado's Fine Showing

Rockland, Me., Sept. 18.—The armored cruiser Colorado was given a screw standardizing test over the new Monroe Island mile course and in one of the 22 runs attained a speed of 22.22 knots an hour. The big cruiser in her acceptance trial over the Cape Ann course made a sustained speed of 22.17 knots for four hours.

Two Men Killed by Engine

Hartford, Sept. 20.—Two unknown men who were lying on the railroad track here were killed last night by a switch engine, which backed down upon them and cut their bodies to pieces. Both were neatly dressed and appeared to be above the ordinary type of tramp that is killed on the railroad.

Avon Deaths Number Thirteen

Avon, Conn., Sept. 19.—The roll of deaths from the explosion and fire at the plant of the Clinax Fuse company Friday afternoon now numbers 13, and there are still several injured ones whose condition is looked upon as extremely critical.

Alleged Slayer of Stepmother

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 20.—LeRoy Butler, aged 19, a negro, is on trial in the superior court, charged with the murder of his stepmother, Mary Butler, at Stamford on March 10. He pleaded not guilty and will attempt to prove an alibi.

Boston Has Nearly 107,000 Voters

Boston, Sept. 20.—When registration for the state primaries closed here last night there were 106,978 names upon the voting lists for the city of Boston, as against 105,381 last year.

Germanes Punished by Whites

Cape Town, Sept. 21.—The Witbois, in availing the sweeping columns of General Von Trotha, commander-in-chief in German Southwest Africa, surprised a German convoy, practically annihilated its escort and captured thousands of cattle, 123 wagons, many rifles and a quantity of ammunition.

RAMMED BY SCHOONER

Steamer Junia Limped Into Boston Badly Damaged

Boston, Sept. 22.—The injury of six passengers and two of the ship's officers by a collision at sea was reported by the steamer Junia of the Merchants and Miners Transportation company, Boston for Baltimore and Norfolk, which put into this port last evening, disabled and badly damaged. The Junia was rammed 30 miles off Chatham by the five-masted schooner Harwood Palmer, Baltimore for Portland, Me., with a cargo of coal. No one on board the schooner was injured.

That the accident did not result in a general loss of life on the steamer is considered remarkable by everyone on board. The steamer had a great hole stove in her starboard side amidships, her cabins from that point forward were ripped and torn into kindling wood, her pilot house was wrecked and the foremast and smokestack were carried away.

The Junia returned to her dock here and landed her passengers, and arrangements were made to transfer the cargo. The Palmer lost her jibboom, bowsprit and headgear. The accident occurred in a thick fog.

Trains Crashed on Crossing

Whitman, Mass., Sept. 22.—A south-bound freight train crashed into a freight bound north here last night. Several cars were derailed and one which turned over demolished the gate tender's house at a street crossing and carried away the telegraph line. The gate tender escaped, but Clarence Bourne was caught and pinned under the car for more than half an hour. He was severely injured. No one else was hurt. The cause of the accident is not known.

Serious Accident Barely Averted

Boston, Sept. 22.—Just after an electric car had passed over the new subway excavation near Newspaper row last evening the tracks and top of the wooden framework forming the level of the street fell several feet. A hundred workmen were summoned and the entire top structure was removed a length of 75 feet. The wooden supports were found to be weak and loose.

Williams Must Stand Trial

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 22.—The court having ruled that the defendant was undoubtedly sane, Benjamin Williams, a former soldier at Fort Ethan Allen, has been placed on trial in the county court on the charge of murder. It is alleged that Williams shot and killed Patrolman James McGrath of this city while the latter was trying to arrest him on a charge of desertion.

Boston Bank to Liquidate

Boston, Sept. 22.—The officers of the Boylston National bank and the Mount Vernon National bank announce that arrangements have been made whereby the Boylston bank has acquired the business of the other institution and the Mount Vernon will go into voluntary liquidation. The terms under which the consolidation of interests is made have not been announced.

Dartmouth Student Drowned

Hanover, N. H., Sept. 22.—By the upsetting of a canoe in the Connecticut river, Alfred D. Gere of Northampton, Mass., aged 21, a Dartmouth college student, was drowned and his companion, Francis B. Riley, narrowly escaped with his life. Gere was the only son of Edward C. Gere, editor of the Hampshire Daily Gazette of Northampton.

State Police Think Suicide

Swampscott, Mass., Sept. 22.—Although still pursuing their investigation of the death of Mrs. Jennie Chase, the heiress of \$1,000,000, whose death was first declared self-destruction by asphyxiation and then became the object of a searching inquiry because of many mysterious circumstances, the state police believe the woman a suicide.

Tobacco Farmers Lose Heavily

Westfield, Mass., Sept. 22.—Many tons of tobacco through this valley have been damaged by continued damp weather, which caused what is commonly known as tobacco rot. The loss in weight to the crop in this vicinity is estimated at no less than 25 percent. In some barns the leaves literally rotted off the stalks.

Missionaries About to Depart

Boston, Sept. 21.—A large audience gathered last night in the Clarendon Street Baptist church to bid farewell to 40 newly-appointed and returning missionaries, who are about to sail for missions in various parts of Asia. The stations to which these missionaries have been assigned are in Burma, Assam, South India, China, Japan and the Philippines.

Held on Perjury Charge

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 21.—Patrick O'Leary, 34 years old, is under arrest, charged with perjury in connection with naturalization testimony in the case of his brother. It is alleged that O'Leary testified that his brother had been in this country 11 years, when the steamship certificate showed he arrived in 1901. O'Leary was held in \$1000 for trial.

Broker Gets His Commissions

Boston, Sept. 20.—Miss Charlotte Orantree, known to the theatre-going public as Lotta, lost her case before the supreme judicial court yesterday, when the jury returned a verdict of \$3768.87 for John J. Caudigan, the real estate broker, who was suing her to recover commissions which he alleged were due him for the leasing of the Hotel Reynolds.

Final Peace Move at Washington

Washington, Sept. 21.—It can now be stated definitely that the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia will take place in Washington shortly after the treaty has been ratified by the respective sovereigns. It is probable that this will be done in the White House as a compliment to President Roosevelt.

IN A SUIT CASE

Dismembered Body of Woman Afloat in Boston Harbor

THE INTESTINES MISSING

Indications That the Victim Had Been Operated Upon by Someone Acquainted With Surgery --No Means of Identification

Boston, Sept. 22.—The police of Winthrop and Medical Examiner Harris of this city were called upon last night to investigate the death of a woman, whose dismembered body was found in a suit case in the water near the Winthrop Yacht clubhouse. There were no marks by which the remains could be readily identified.

The medical examiner found two long cuts on the body, and from these and other circumstances the authorities are of the belief that the woman was the victim of an operation.

The property of the Winthrop Yacht club is situated on a long, narrow peninsula, which makes out into Boston harbor. The locality is three miles from this city. At 5:20 o'clock last evening two Winthrop residents, Alfred D. Allen and Randolph Pollard, who are members of the yacht club, were standing on the float near the clubhouse when they noticed a suit case, covered with olive green leather, floating deep in the water. Thinking that it might have been lost overboard from a yacht, they took it from the water. They were unable to find any identifying marks on the suit case and the men opened it. They were startled to find the nude trunk of a woman, wrapped in a strip of white oil cloth. There were no marks of identification.

The police were immediately notified and the suit case and contents were removed to the police headquarters at Winthrop. Medical Examiner Harris viewed the body and later it was turned over to an undertaker. Harris is of the opinion that the body had been in the water not longer than 24 hours.

Two cuts were found on the trunk, one extending from the breast bone down the entire length of the body, and another from the right side above the hip bone and meeting the other cut. There were four stitches in the latter cut. The intestines had been removed, indicating that the woman had been operated upon for an internal trouble. The body had evidently been dismembered by a sharp knife. The cuts were clean and no bones were broken. The police hold the opinion that someone acquainted with surgery did the work.

The theory of those who saw the remains is that some person attempted an operation and, failing, decided to cut up the body and dispose of it in order that the authorities would not learn of the woman's death. It is thought that the suit case was taken on board some harbor steamer or a yacht, and dropped into the harbor, the wind and tide carrying the object to Winthrop. The police estimate that the age of the victim was about 34 years, and that the weight would be in the vicinity of 120 pounds. The body is that of rather a small woman and would not exceed, the police think, 5 feet 4 inches in height.

Chief MacNeill of the Winthrop police summoned the aid of the state police and both are at work on the case, which is one of unusual difficulty. While the authorities are of the opinion that the crime was probably committed in this city, there is nothing about the dress suit case or the dismembered trunk that offers the slightest clue. They are hoping that the disappearance of the missing woman may lead to inquiries by friends. An autopsy will be made by Medical Examiner Harris.

Ran In Front of Auto

New London, Conn., Sept. 20.—Martin Felix, aged 13, was run over and fatally injured by an automobile. The boy's skull was fractured, a thigh broken, and he sustained internal injuries. The accident was attributed to the lad running suddenly into the street, endeavoring to get away from a companion.

Wounds in Floater's Neck

Boston, Sept. 19.—The body of an unknown man was found last night in the harbor by the police. The body had evidently been in the water for some time. There were two wounds on either side of the neck, which might have been made by a knife or dagger. The police are conducting an investigation.

"Science of Art of Preaching"

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus has accepted a chair in the Chicago Theological seminary which has been established especially for him. The new chair carries with it the title of professor of the science of the art of preaching.

Young Roosevelt to Enter Harvard

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 20.—It is announced that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of President Roosevelt, has safely passed his entrance examinations to Harvard college and will be a member of the freshman class this fall.

"Open Door" in Manchuria

London, Sept. 18.—The Shanghai correspondent of The Morning Post says that an imperial decree has been issued ordering many of the ports in Manchuria to be opened equally to all treaty powers.

Dan Patch Breaks Records

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 22.—Records were broken in the races at the Allentown fair in the presence of 75,000 people, when Dan Patch, paced by two runners, went a mile in 2:01. An hour later Dan Patch, hitched to a road wagon, cut the pacing record of his sire, Joe Patchen, from 2:14 to 2:05.

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